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From the Boston Weekly Bee.
A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM TELL.

BY W. R. ALGER.

Many are the ways in which man binds
himself in obedient submission to his will, by
which he curbs or incites, the passions of
multitudes—always the destinies of nations,
& lifts himself to power. Some of great physical
energies, and predominant passions, have
effected this by rousing those tremendous
powers which slumber like dormant lions
in the nerves of the great masses, ready to
leap forth at some Napoleon nod; and by
making alive those fierce feelings which
sleep like smothered volcanoes in the
bosom of an unenlightened people. And a
long—long train of those called the great
ones of the earth, have acquired their power,
and acquired their fame with a red right
hand, by coldly tearing asunder the finest
affections of the human heart—by cruelly
overriding the sweet ties of domestic bliss,
and heartlessly dashing in fragments the cup
of happiness from a million lips, and terrific
scenes of battling legions, and red gushing
streams of human gore.

Glancing back through the lapse of ages
—among the myriads of genius-lit fires
which shine upon the flame-scathed trace
of time—we recognise those kindled by the
deeds of these men, gleaming dark and
terrible, amid the fumes of innocent blood
and surrounded by vast heaps of human
bones—and emblems of mortality that have
but too often paved the path of vaulting
ambition. Such are the fiery wreaths that
emblazoning, circle the names of that host
of Tamerlans, Alexanders and Napoleons,
who have immortalized themselves by striding
over the smouldering ruins of desolated
cities, and striking down the weaker nations
of the earth with hands reeking in the
blood of patriotic virtue; and whose
achievements, though awfully sublime, are
yet as darkly fearful as the devastating flames
that, burning through the dwellings of happy
contentment, cast their lurid glare athwart
the canopy of night, and laying in
ashes the all of thousands, set widows pen-
sive, and orphans homeless, upon the
chill tide of poverty, cheerless and alone to
drift, exposed to the sneering frowns of pride
and the merciless peltings of misfortune's
storms.

From this dread host of Ambition's chil-
dren, black with frowns, crimson with guilt,
loaded down with glittering spoils of war,
and adorned with the adoration of fawning
flatterers—turn with horror, and a fiercer
train meets our eyes. Benevolence is un-
throned, and peace and charity and love
beam upon the countenance. Fame's
brightest diadem crowns them, and their
brows are encircled by glory's greenest
laurels. The throng of blood-stained heroes
how before them in reverence as they pass
on to a loftier station, and the world rises
up to do them honor. And these are those
who in a thousand ways have spent their
best energies, and devoted their best talents
for the physical improvement, the intellec-
tual advancement, and the moral exaltation
of the human race. These are the Socrates,
the Platos, the Charlemagnes, the Alfreds,
the Luthers, the Newtons, the Howards,
the Washingtons, the Channings, of hu-
manity; and verily their labors are not un-
rewarded, for their names are dear to the
heart of the world, and their memories
green forever.

Thus we see, that while the fame of
some is balefully blazing in murky gloom,
that of others is shining gloriously on, as
unwavering and brightly fair, as the perpe-
tual flame that rose from Vesta's consecrated
altar.

Man is a creature of imitation. Through
all the wide interval, from the narrow cradle
which receives him first, to the narrow
tomb that must hold him at last, there is no
one faculty exerts so great an influence upon
his speculative opinions,—his practical
belief, and his actual conduct, as his propen-
sity to imitate. In view of this fact we
see why those false notions of glory which
have not yet vanished, have prevailed so
long and so extensively; and why deceived
by a false glitter, untold thousands have en-
tered the lists and fighting for fame have
perished unknown; while others allured
in the same manner, by the terrific greatness
of winning crowns, overturning thrones,
and enslaving nations, have been more suc-
cessful in their endeavors to accomplish it,
and the temple of Fame has been scarred all
over, from pinnacle to foundation, with the
names of those who have laughed at the
scruples of conscience,—despised the entreaties
of men, and scorned the command of
God—in the pursuit of narrow ends, and
and the gratification of selfish desires;—
who have trampled upon the defenceless with
iron foot,—snatched at the inalienable rights
of millions, and with cruel hands thrust down,
and pushed back, Humanity, toiling slowly
and wearily, and reaching
fearfully yet hopefully upward, accompa-
nied by the prayers of the good, and the aid
of the true. The tone of the public senti-
ment—current of public opinion, is too strong
in favor of the right for their examples to
find imitators at the present day; and 'tis
well, sometimes to retrace the history of the
greatly wicked who have lived before us,
that we may learn to hate their deeds and to
dislike all wrong as we there behold its ug-
liness; and 'tis also well to contemplate the
career of the noble and virtuous ones—heaven
has kindly sent to increase the world's
happiness—to give freedom to the enslaved
—to point out the path of improvement and
teaching men how to live to fit them to die,
that we may catch a spark of the enthusi-
asm which animated them, and learn to love
and respect whatever is true and good-like in
man.

Let us then remember some brief frag-
ments of the career of a peasant man, who
once lived among the Alps in a humble cot,
and earned his simple support from the rug-
ged glebe, 'till the groans of the weak op-
pressed, and the innocent murdered, called
him forth in the omnipotence of a righteous
cause. Far as the mind's eye glances back
among those lights so thickly scattered, and
star-like sowing the world's annals, it be-
holds but few that beam with purer light;
but few that are more attractive to the ad-
mirer of sublime action, and but few to which
a purer heart and a nobler mind will recur
with greater pleasure, or bow with deeper
reverence, than that which glows undimmed
and unchangeable in sunshine and in storm
above the frozen clods where sleep
the ashes of WILLIAM TELL. Tell—
the mountain Patriot—the achiever of Switzer-
land's independence—the terror of tyrants,
and the hero of Liberty.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN.

RUTLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1844

Vol. 50—No. 50.

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and the hero of Liberty.

Some, whose names Time has written
with a pen of iron, in the rocks forever,
have reached the glittering home of their
ambitious expectations by forcing streams
of life's purple tide, and with steel clad hands
crushing the helpless. Tell, by asserting
the rights of humanity, and defending the
truth of human freedom. They were grati-
fied by filling the world with their renown
although it caused tears to flow from the
eyes, and agonizing pangs to rend the hearts
of whole nations. He was gratified by
cherishing every noble feeling of the heart;
by protecting the weak and defenceless, and
by causing joy and peace, and freedom and
happiness to take up their abode by the
family hearth of his native land. Conse-
quently, while their fame has come down
to us undimmed by the darkening shadows of
vice, and stained with many a foul crime,
that of Tell, upon whose magnanimous
soul the murky pall of guilt was never
placed, glows bright as the blazing lumina-
ry of heaven, and as pure as the snow-
white lamb that bleats upon the grassy hill.

Born in the midst of snows, and brought
up in the midst of perils, he early learned
to brave the storms and leap the yawning
chasms of his native hills. The arrow sent
by his arm from the yew-bow of his
father, flew with almost more than mortal
strength and precision to the airy eagle,
fluttering high up above the wild and icy
crags. Nursed thus in the cliffs and cata-
racts, he grew in courage and independence
with every breath. His chief delight was
to practice the pure precepts of virtuous
simplicity, and to wander in admiring awe
across the mighty rocks and by the blue
torrents of these wild haunts of nature, in
which LIBERTY—sweet nymph of the
mountain—delights to roam.

Such a man was never formed for a
slave. And when the pampered minions of
Austrian tyranny, cast oppression's galling
chains upon the free, the virtuous and hap-
py Swiss—when the bright blood of patri-
otism reddened the mountain snows, and the
death shrieks of virtue rent the air—when
nearly every heart trembled before the up-
lifted hand of tyrannical power, and the very
fingers of misery seemed to have taken up
their abode in the green-clad glens of Switzer-
land; then, disarmed amid the general
wreck, he strode stern and inflexible upon
the cloud capped mountains. And when the
storm rose and roared in awful thunder
gusts around the tempest-riven pines and
thunder-scattered peaks—when he saw zig-
zag lightning fearfully dancing through
the concave space, and heard tremendous
thunder, now rolling in the cloud-blackened
regions above, and now rattling in peals
on peals awful grumbling, nearer and near-
er, shaking earth with its horrible growl,
till with most terrific crash it strikes upon
the mighty rock that crumbles in fragments
before the rending shock—he gazed upon
the battling elements with mingled emo-
tions of grandeur and awe; and as the fer-
ocious blast swept by, extending his arms,
he cried aloud, "Though his people be en-
slaved, this is the land of Liberty." When
the tempest ceased, and peace resumed its
way, and Tell saw the strong beamed eagle
cleaving the sun-lit cloud in the same free-
dom that the wrenching thunderbolt had
lately burst it, and flapping his dread wings
as if in derision of the power that would
bind him—when he saw the mountain tor-
rent dashing far down into the vale, chain-
less and irresistible—and the snowy cha-
mois leaping over the dark chasm, or feed-
ing on the moss-covered crags, fetherless
and free—when he beheld the everlasting
creed of liberty written in glittering lines
upon every cloud, spoke in thrilling start-
ling language by every motion, and reflect-
ing in dazzling colors from every life; he
exclaimed to those old deluge-dashed monu-
ments of creative power that turned up a-
round him, hoary with the breath of age—
"Say, O thundering catenets, and eternal
rocks! while every other creature roams
wild and shackled, retaining the pride of
native freedom, shall MAN, the noblest work
of Creation, shall he alone wear these dis-
gracing chains never placed upon him by
the great hand of Omnipotence!"

Birds singing free amid the trees whose
branches wave in the breeze and bend be-
fore the mountain-storm—the torrent rush-
ing impetuously on—the mountain goat
wildly fearless springing from peak to peak,
gave silent answer; and, kneeling down
there upon the meteor summit, a vow went
up before God's throne that Switzerland
should be free, or that many sons had
rolled by the corpse of William Tell should
be flung from the ramparts of Aloorf.

Passing over a few succeeding events in
time's rapid course, we come to the momen-
tous night when Tell had determined with
three bands of resolute countrymen, weak
in number but strong in their cause, to
storm the strong hold of oppression—dash
down its blood stained walls, and upon the
very ruins to rear the temple of Liberty.

Early in the eve of the night big with
the fate of Switzerland, a man might be seen
standing upon the frozen strand of Lake Un-
derwald, anxiously awaiting the arrival of
some one; impatiently he paces to and fro,
ever and anon casting an enquiring glance

along the road to the Austrian citadel. The
moon rising from behind a cloud discovers
the malicious features of Gessler the tyrant,
at whose name virtue and innocence trem-
ble, and in whose bosom there throbs a
heart which would not disgrace the veriest
fiend that ever strode in the dark domains
of infernal Pluto. Soon the heavy tramp
of armed men is heard, and fifty Austrian
anchors stand upon the shore by the side of
Gessler. In their midst is a prisoner heav-
ily ironed. They all embark on board
a boat, which impelled by twenty oars, speeds
swiftly over the still waters of the starlit
lake.

But who is the captive man so severely
chained, yet standing so proudly erect?—
his noble mien—his flashing eye, and his
lofty contempt of the insult heaped upon
him—all betray the hero of the mountain—
TELL of the iron heart. Yes, he has fallen
into the power of his country's oppressor,
who was bearing him thus fettered and
guarded, to a distant dungeon where he
might wreak his vengeance upon the noble
spirit that dared defy his wrath, and plot his
death even in the midst of his myrmidons.

But that heaven which watches over and
protects virtue, forsook not the patriot Tell
in this dread hour. Black, gloomy clouds
began to send through the sky. The mighty
tempest is heard rushing on from the dis-
tant caverns of the north. The snow flies
in fleecy billows up the hill-side, and the gi-
gantic oaks of the forest bend and crackle
before it. Yet still it comes, on and on, and
now striking upon the lake it covers the
whole surface with foam. The angry waves
lifting up their billowy crests on
high, dashed against the frail boat, threat-
ening to overturn and sink it in dark Under-
wald's deep and storm-heaved bosom.

The life of Tell had been pure, and he
feared not death; and when eternity yaw-
ned before him, he calmly awaited his fate
rejoicing at the happiness his country would
derive from the death of his tyrant. But
soldiers, who had been for years familiar
with the darkest crimes, and whose hands
had often times been stained with the blood
of innocence—what terror reigned in
their hearts! They threw down their oars.
Cold tremblings run over them. In shy
pleasure they kneel upon the deck while the
prayer of agony quivers upon their lips—
And oh! what pangs rend the heart, and
what tortures tears the guilty soul of Ges-
ler! He is now where riches, rank, and
strength, can avail him nothing; for the
power of heaven is abroad in wrath, and he
must die. The hosts he has murdered
throng around him in horrid array. The
eye-balls he had ordered torn from the bleed-
ing sockets of venerable age, glare upon
him on all sides with terrific fierceness, and
a bloody hand beckons to him from the
black bosom of every wave. With livid
lips and blackened cheeks, shivering in mor-
tal fear, and as a last effort for life, he or-
ders the chains to be stricken from Tell, and
offers him life and liberty if he brings them
safe to land. He, the most renowned man
through all the four Cantons in the art of
braving a storm, silently takes the helm,
and with an arm never weakened by vicious
dissipation, turns its course. He seizes a
pair of oars and after a long struggle in
spite of the winds and dashing waves lands
the boat just as the storm lulls. The haughti-
ness and tyranny of Gessler returns with his
safety, and he would fain command Tell
chained again notwithstanding his promise;
but he, the moment the boat struck the
shore, snatching a bow and quiver from
one of the archers, leaps upon a rock, and
darts swiftly away among the mountain
crags, like the chamois bounding from its
bunter.

Gessler, enraged and thwarted, bids his
followers pursue and slay him, and himself
leads them. The Hero's plan is success-
ful. He permits Gessler to approach near
enough to do his work, and then suddenly
bending his bow, with an aim that never
failed, he sends an arrow, liberty-pointed,
whizzing through the air. Freedom waves
her standard full high and shouts, as it pierces
the heart of Gessler, and a tyrant's blood
stains the ground. Tell's heart beats warm
with hope, as he flies over the unfathomed
path to Aloorf, and in an hour joins his
brave countrymen already assembled be-
fore the fortress walls. They receive him
with joyous acclamations. He narrates the
death of Gessler, and leads them on to the
attack—resolved to conquer or perish—to
seize the entrenchment of tyranny, or be
buried in the attempt.

And now the strife begins. The Aus-
trians fight with desperation and many a
brave Swiss bites the dust, and faints in
death as life's red fluid streams from his
wide wounds. But they strike for Liberty
—they struggle for Life—and they are victo-
rious. The foe cast away their weapons
and kneel for mercy, while Freedom's flag
floats proudly upon the battlements, and
Switzerland is delivered.

The conquest secured, the enthusiastic
people would reward their deliverer. But
his ambition is a higher principle, than a
glittering bauble or untold trappings can
satisfy, and "when the sparkling round of
power floats airily within his grasp, he proud-
ly smiles, and turns to his humble peasant
cot, preferring to spend his declining days
amid the sweet endearments of domestic life
—happier far in the harmony of those fi-
bers of the heart which thrill to duty per-
formed, than ever was an imperial monarch
upon his jewelled throne.

Nor was the influence of these chivalric
exploits confined to a few people, and a short
period of time, but in glory and rapidity
like the light of the morning sun it spread
through Switzerland, and it lives yet. For
since that day the Swiss have been free.
Many a time and oft since then, in every
part of Europe, War has reared aloft her
horrid head and gnashed her iron fangs,
but still they have retained the liberty Tell
left them. The whirlwind of ambitious
power has swept on above them—the thun-
der of battle has roared and the strife of na-

tions raged around them—but still the eter-
nal Alps have echoed with the songs of an
independent people.
Thus fair and and thus glorious, was the
career of William Tell, whose name, writ-
ten high upon the blazing rolls of eternal
fame, is known wherever liberty lives, and
will be honored and loved by the successive
generations of humanity, until this huge ro-
tundity we tread, shall grow old, and fall
once more under the dominion of oblivion
and comingling chaos.

From the United States Gazette.

A MOTHER AT HER CHILD'S GRAVE.

—We were leaning against a gateway, and
contemplating all these silent teaching a-
round us, when the sound of many foot-
falls aroused us from the reverie. We
looked up, and a small funeral procession
was close at hand, directing its course
towards the place where we stood, which
was, indeed, the entrance to a burying
ground.

Four lads were bearing along a little cof-
fin, behind which followed the parents of the
deceased, and a few relatives. "It is better
to go to the house of mourning," says the
scripture; but as we had no invitation
thither, we joined the little train, and went
into the city of the dead. The procession
paused, and gathered around a small grave,
and the customary assistants took the coffin,
and lowered it into the "narrow house ap-
pointed unto all." No office was said, no
clergyman was at hand to apply the seal of
instruction to the softened heart, to lead
away the thoughts of the mourners from
objects before them to the contemplation of
the probable abode of the better portion of
what they had loved, or to make each of
the parents say, with the monarch mourner
of old, "I shall go unto him, but he shall not
come again unto me."

When the lid and other apparatus was
moved from the grave, the bereaved parents
stepped forward to look down into the nar-
row place, and take a last farewell of their
little one. The hardened features of the
father were distorted by anguish, and he ap-
plied his handkerchief to his eyes, which
seemed unused to tears. The mother was
then led forward. There was less of distor-
tion on her features. She grieved much,
but she wept, and those tears were for bless-
ings. She leaned over the edge of the
grave, and looked far down upon the un-
adorned coffin of her child. We could see
when her eyes first met it, a sensation of
sudden pain was evident for a moment in
her face, but it passed away, and a mother's grief
and a mother's tears were indulged. The
friend who had conducted her thither, and
sustained her there, then quietly withdrew
her from the position, leaving her to the
turning away, we saw a sudden disturbance
of her features, and heard her scream. The
husband was at once by her side. Point-
ing down into the grave, she said with a
shudder "there is water there—cold water."

The little train walked slowly away
from the grave yard. The mourners were
too poor and too humble to induce a
large procession, and that procession was
too small to attract much attention. We
looked down into the grave, and some wa-
ter had indeed, collected therein; and being dis-
placed by the coffin, it seemed in larger quan-
tity than it really was. The poor mother
had, of necessity, yielded to the death of
her child. In a little time, she had consented
to bury the dead out of her sight, and
she wound up her feelings to endure, with
only customary expressions of sorrow, the
deprivation, and the last scene that shut
forever from her sight the child she had
borne and nurtured. She had schooled her-
self to a contemplation of the darkness
of the grave, and the earthly covering of
her child, but she was not prepared for the
unseasonableness of the water. A sensation of
coldness, worse than that of the grave, came
over her, and, for a moment, she felt as
if her little one was to be sensible, amid its
decay, to the discomforts of a watery grave.
Let none smile at this apprehension. A
mother, who has lost her child, will not.

The evening sun poured its yellow beams
upon the heap of earth beside the grave,
and the particles of moisture that yet hung
upon the clouds glistening with prismatic lus-
ture, as they dropped upon the coffin of the
little innocent.

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.—Willis, in a
late number of the N. Y. Mirror, says,
speaking of the moral tone of New York
fashionable society.

"Of these three classes—an 'aristocracy'
often thousand—one half, at least, are re-
ligious, and the remainder seek refined
pleasures and attend theatres and operas;
but, with the exception of the third and
smallest class, we venture to repeat, that
the upper ten thousand is by much the most
exacting of moral character in their friends,
the most rigid in the support of moral opin-
ions and charities, and the most exemplary
in their individual private life. This is
true of the upper ten thousand of no other
country in the world. It would sound U-
topian in England to assert this to be true
of the upper classes on the face of the earth.
Look at the difference of the standards in
ordinary matters. To make a good match,
here, it is necessary that a young man
should be moral; and if he be of high char-
acter in this respect, (and the lady willing),
public opinion will not suffer his pretensions
to be slighted by the richest man! In
every other country the lover's morality
is altogether a secondary consideration—
family and fortune far before it. Morality
is a young man's best card in New York;
whether his object be influence, matrimony,
good business connection, appointments
from societies, or general position in the
best circles. This truth need only be put in
print to make people wonder it had not been
said before.

It is a wretched trick, caught from Eng-
lish papers and English plays, to talk of the
rich as certainly virtuous, and of the poor
as necessarily virtuous. We live in a coun-
try where the sovereignty (that part of so-
ciety which vice commonly noses and fol-
lows close after) resides at the opposite end
from the Sovereignty of England. The
more virtuous class, here as there, is com-
paratively powerless at the polls. The
rowdy drunkard & the gambler does much
towards Presidentmaking, and the selection
of law givers, as the thrifty merchant, and
the rich father of a family of virtuous
daughters, and as there are a hundred hus-
bands, of either of the first named classes,
to one of either of the others, Virtue and Or-
der keep company with Sovereignty—in
this country as little as in Europe! Pow-
er is at the surface of a country, and the
scum rises to it."

A WORD IN SEASON.—An elderly gen-
tleman, with a straight coat and broad
brimmed hat, passing along Main St.,
a few days since, stepped upon some pench
parings, when a young dandy at one of
our dry goods stores had just thrown down
near where he was standing. The passen-
ger was off his guard, but contrived to es-
cape a fall by exchanging it for a severe
wrench of the lower limbs. He said noth-
ing to the author of his misadventures but
stepping into the store, accosted its owner:
"Friend, can those lend me a broom?"
The broom was promptly tendered, and
the Quaker applied it to the parings with
some diligence, as well as difficulty, from
their adherence to the pavement in their
mashed state, greatly to the amusement of
the bystanders, and the annoyance of the
clerk.—Under these circumstances the fol-
lowing dialogue took place.

Clerk. What is that for?
Quaker. To get these parings into the
gutter.

Clerk. Let them alone; they do you no
harm.

Quaker. That's a mistake, friend; I
have hurt myself in going down the street,
and I may again on my return. Besides,
somebody else may get a fall over them.

Clerk. That would be none of your busi-
ness.

Quaker. That is another mistake of
mine, friend. Some neighbor of mine
may be badly hurt, and I may have to con-
tribute to his relief, and perhaps to his
support. It is both my business and
mine.

Quaker. I am not sure of that. If
people get hurt often before thy door, it
will get an ill name, and thy employer will
lose custom, and thee perhaps thy place.
Thou should consider better of things,
who withdrew; and when the old friend
returned the broom into its place and went
on his way, he probably left a wholesome
lesson behind him.—(Cincinnati Adv.)

REIGN OF TERROR.

Macaulay, in his reviews of the 'Memoirs of
Barrere,' gives the following brief but strik-
ing picture of the Reign of Terror, in revolu-
tionary France.

"Then came those days when the most
barbarous of all codes was administered by
the most barbarous of all tribunals; when
no man could greet his neighbors, or say his
prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of
committing a capital crime; when spies
lurked in every corner; when the guillotine
was long and hard at work every morning;
when the jails were as gloomy as the hold of a
slave ship, when the gutters ran loathing with
blood into the Seine; when it was death to
be great officer to a captain of the royal guards,
or half brother to a doctor of Sorbonne; to
express a doubt whether assignments would
not fail; that the English had been victori-
ous in the action of the first of June; to have
a copy of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a
desk;—to laugh at Jacobin for taking the
name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the
fifth sans culotte, by its old superstitious
name of St. Matthew's day. While the daily
wagon loads were carried to their doom
through the streets of Paris, the pro-consuls
whom the sovereign committee had set forth
to the departments, revelled in an extravagance
of cruelty unknown even in the capital.—
The knife of the deadly machine rose and
fell too slow for their work of slaughter.
Long rows of captives were moved down
with grape shot. Holes were made in the
bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned
into a desert. At Arras, the cruel mercy
of a speedy death was denied to the prison-
ers. All down the Loire, from Samur to the
sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted
on naked corpses, twined together in hide-
ous embrace. No mercy was shown to sex
or age. The number of young lads and girls
of seventeen who were murdered by that ex-
ecrable government, is to be reckoned by
hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were
tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin
ranks. One champion of Liberty had his
pockets well stuffed with ears. Another
swaggered about with the finger of a little
child in his hat. A few months had served
to degrade France below the level of New
Zealand."

BEEF GOING UP. We learn that beef
cattle rose in price in the market
yesterday, from fifty to seventy five cents
on the hundred, nett. The rise is attributed
to the accounts of London and Liverpool
provision markets, brought by the Britan-
nia, and published here yesterday morning;
and which showed, that at the time of her
departure, the stock of American beef had
been much reduced, by extensive sales at
good prices; that buyers were expecting the
"new cure," which was much required for,
and that the first arrivals there from this
country were expected to "open high."
—Ath. Adv. of 29th Nov.

The St. Louis Reveille says that some-
body, who has a Dutch sweetheart thus dis-
coursed of her charms:

My love wears a beautiful bustle,
Not made up of Cotton or bran,
But out of the genuine muscle,
According to nature's own plan.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of
Representatives, of the United States.

We have continued cause for expressing
our gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the
Universe for the benefits and blessings
which our country, under his kind Provi-
dence, has enjoyed during the past year.
Notwithstanding the exciting scenes
through which we have passed, nothing has
occurred to disturb the general peace, or to
detract the harmony of our political sys-
tem. The great moral spectacle has been
exhibited of a nation, approximating in
numbers to 200,000,000 of people, having per-
formed the high and important function of
electing their Chief Magistrate for the
term of four years, without the commission
of any acts of violence, or the manifestation
of a spirit of insubordination to the laws.
The great and inestimable right of suffrage
has been exercised by all who were invested
with it, under the laws of the different States
in a high spirit dictated alone by a desire, in
the selection of the agent, to advance the
interests of the country, & to place beyond jeop-
ardy the institutions under which it is our hap-
piness to live. That the deepest interest has
been manifested by all our countrymen in the
result of the election, is no less true, than
highly creditable to them.—Vast multitudes
have assembled, from time to time, at vari-
ous places, for the purpose of discussing the
merits and pretensions of those who were
presented for their suffrages; but no armed
soldiers have been necessary to restrain,
within proper limits, the popular zeal, or
to prevent violent outbreaks. A principle
much more controlling was found in the love
of order and obedience to the laws which,
with mere individual exceptions, every
where pervades the American mind and
controls with an influence far more power-
ful than hosts of armed men. We cannot
dwell upon this picture without recognizing
in it that deep and devoted attachment on
the part of the people, to the institutions under
which we live, which proclaims their perpetu-
ity. The great objection which has al-
ways prevailed against the election, by the
people, of their Chief Executive officer, has
been the apprehension of tumults and disor-
ders, which might involve in ruin the en-
tire Government. A security against this is
found not only in the fact before alluded to,
but in the additional fact, that we live under
a confederacy already embracing twenty-six
States; no one of which is able to control the
election. The popular vote in each State
is taken at the time appointed by the laws,
and such vote is announced by the Electoral
College, without reference to the decision of
other States. The right of suffrage, and the
mode of conducting the election, is regulated
by the laws of each State and the election is
distinctly federative in all its prominent
features. Thus it is that, unlike what might
be the result under a consolidated system, riot-
ous proceedings, should they prevail, could not
affect the elections in single States, with-
out disturbing, to any dangerous extent, the
tranquility of others. The great experiment
of a political confederacy—each member of
which is supreme—as to all matters apper-
taining to its local interests, and its internal
peace and happiness—while by a voluntary
compact with others, it confides to the united
power of all, the protection of its citizens,
in matters not domestic—has been so far
crowned with success. The world has wit-
nessed its rapid growth in wealth and popu-
lation; and under the calm and serene
past may be regarded as the shadowing forth
of the mighty future, we shall find—as patri-
ots and philanthropists, the highest induc-
ments to cultivate and cherish a love of union,
and to frown down every measure or effort
which may be made to alienate the States, or
the people of the States, in sentiment and
feeling, from each other. A rigid and close
adherence to the terms of our political com-
pact, and, above all, a sacred observance of
the guarantees of the Constitution, will
preserve union on a foundation which cannot
be shaken; while personal liberty is placed
beyond hazard or jeopardy.

The guarantee of religious freedom, of
the freedom of the press, of the liberty of
speech, of the trial by jury, of the habeas cor-
pus, and of the domestic institutions of each
of the States—leaving the private citizens in
full exercise of the high and ennobling attri-
butes of his nature, and to each state the
privileges which can only be justly ex-
ercised by itself, or consulting the means best
calculated to advance its own happiness;
these are the great and important guarantees
of the Constitution which the lovers of lib-
erty must cherish and the advocates of the
Union must ever cultivate. Preserving these;
and avoiding all interpolations by forced
construction, under the guise of an imaginary
expediency, upon the Constitution, the in-
fluence of our political system is destined to be
as actively and beneficially felt on the distant
shores of the Pacific, as it is upon those of
the Atlantic Ocean. The only formidable
impediments in the way of its successful ex-
pansion (time and space) are so far in the
progress of modification; by the improve-
ments of the age, as to render no longer specu-
lative the ability of representatives from that
remote region to come up to the capital, so
that the constituents shall participate in all
the federal legislation. Thus it is that in the
progress of time, the inextinguishable prin-
ciple of liberty will be enjoyed by millions yet
unborn, and the great benefits of our system
of government be extended to now distant
and uninhabited regions. In view of the vast
wilderness yet to be reclaimed we may well
invite the lover of freedom of every land,
to take up his abode among us, and to assist us
in the great work of advancing the standard
of civilization, and giving a wider spread to
the arts and refinement of cultivated life.—
Our prayers should evermore be offered up
to the Father of the Universe for his wisdom
to direct us as in the path of our duty, so as
to enable us to consummate these high pur-
poses.

One of the strongest objections which has
been urged against confederacies, by writ-
ers on Government, is the liability of the
members to be tampered with by foreign
Governments, or the people of foreign states,
either in their local affairs, or in such as
affected the peace of others, or endangered
the safety of the whole confederacy. We
cannot hope to be entirely exempt from
such attempts on our peace and safety.—
The United States are becoming too impor-
tant in population and resources not to at-
tract the observation of other nations. It
therefore may, in the progress of time, oc-
cur, that opinions entirely abstract in the
States in which they may prevail, and in a
degree affecting their domestic institutions,
may be artfully but secretly encouraged with
a view to undermine the Union. Such
opinions may become the foundation of po-
litical parties, until at last, the conflict of
opinion, producing an alienation of friendly
feelings among the people of the different
States, may involve in one general destruc-
tion the happy institution under which we
live. It should ever be borne in mind, that

the United States are becoming too impor-
tant in population and resources not to at-
tract the observation of other nations. It
therefore may, in the progress of time, oc-
cur, that opinions entirely abstract in the
States in which they may prevail, and in a
degree affecting their domestic institutions,
may be artfully but secretly encouraged with
a view to undermine the Union. Such
opinions may become the foundation of po-
litical parties, until at last, the conflict of
opinion, producing an alienation of friendly
feelings among